

Episode One: Ditzzy

Chapter Two: Beast of Time.

The image in front of her eyes faded and was soon replaced by the grassy ground, swaying side to side in front of her. Several long seconds passed, then Twilight realized that she was moving. However, she could see her front legs hanging limp in front of her. At first she thought she was flying, but then she realized that there was no way she could be flying sideways.

“Wha- where am I?” Twilight struggled to speak.

“Still in the forest,” The Doctor announced with little interest. He seemed to be too concentrated on his thoughts to pay much attention to anything.

Only then did Twilight realize that she was laying across The Doctor’s back, being carried further into the Everfree forest. Ditzzy was still alongside the brown earth pony with a small smile on her face. It seemed as though regardless of what was going on around her, Ditzzy always managed to find light in any situation.

“It’s quite strange actually,” The Doctor began mumbling to himself. “It’s singling you out, for some reason. It’s going after you alone. To be honest, I am offended. What, am I not good enough?”

Doctor’s voice began to rise. “I’m a Time Lord for crying out loud, the last Time Lord. How can a simple unicorn be any more significant than me? I’ve done some much in my time, and still even a mere Time Louse refuses to notice me. What’s wrong with the universe nowadays?”

“And to think, that I, the Doctor, risked my life and the safety of this world to come and face this beast and yet it...No,” he cut himself off, continuing, “This was just made personal. That’s it. No more Doctor-nice-guy.”

Ditzzy watched in confusion as Doctor went from a trot to a slow gallop. “Um, what?”

“Come along, miss Doo,” Doctor looked back and shot Ditzzy a large grin. “We have a world to save and manners to teach.” With that, he took off, galloping further into the forest with Twilight still on his back.

Ditzzy caught up to the crazed stallion, but didn’t say anything. She realized that the more she talked to him, the further she pushed him to losing his mind. They all remained silent for the rest of their journey, except for The Doctor’s occasional, short rants.

Finally after what seemed to be an eternity, they arrived at a freshly made clearing. A large patch of vegetation was simply gone, nothing left of it but dirt and rocks. In the middle of the plain rested a dark, giant boulder. It seemed to have no earthly business being there, and

maybe that what made it so appealing to the Doctor. Without saying anything to Ditzzy or Twilight, who was finally returning to her senses, Doctor advanced quickly towards the boulder.

"Alright, that's it, end of the road, Twilight," the stallion shook the startled unicorn off his back, causing her to fall to the ground with a loud thud. "Whoops, sorry about that," he apologized with a sheepish smile.

"Now then!" he declared loudly and turned back towards the boulder. Ditzzy has finally caught up to the couple, but refused to approach the Doctor. She cautiously stepped back and helped Twilight get back on her hooves.

Doctor knocked his hoof loudly against the boulder. "Come on already. We don't have all day."

At first there was no response, but then, with a loud roar, the boulder shook. The giant rock began to move, slowly rising up. Large, whip-like tentacles started emerge from under it, twirling around. Several, long, arachnid legs sprouted from beneath the massive stone, propping it up. The boulder now stood so tall that it was casting a shadow down on the three ponies in front of it.

Then when all the commotion was finished and what seemed like a second boulder began to emerge from the front part of the stone. Suddenly it jerked up with a loud cracking sound and turned toward the Doctor. The smaller stone turned out to be a head; a face to be more exact. In point of fact, the rest of the boulder was not a boulder at all, but a giant creature with a stone-textured outer skeleton.

Twilight yelped and recoiled in fear - it was the same face she had seen not too long ago, right before she lost consciousness. Ditzzy took a few cautious steps back, as well, trying to appear as small as possible. The Doctor, however, was unmoved, even when the creature brought its head to his level, their foreheads almost touching.

"You don't seem afraid, little pony," the creature began to talk in a loud, gravelly voice. "Why?"

"Afraid? Of you? HA!" The Doctor laughed the monster in the face. "I am a Time Lord. The last child of Gallifrey. And for a creature that bares time itself in its essence." He paused

"It's *you* who should be afraid of *me*. You. Silly. Little. Time Louse."

The creature growled in displeasure; however it hadn't moved. All six of its eyes were fixed on the brown stallion in front of it. After a few seconds of silence, the monster spoke again.

"The Doctor," it finally announced, its face displaying no emotion at all. "I felt that tremble in time. So it was you." The louse's mouth spread in a terrifying grin.

"Of course it was me, it's always me." Doctor paused, confused. "Wait, what was me?"

"The anomaly," the creature's grin kept growing. It pointed one of its many tentacle-like appendages into the skies above them. After a slight hesitation, the Doctor turned his head towards the direction the creature was indicating. Almost immediately, he noticed a faint jagged line, one that looked a lot like a crack in stone and took up small portion of the afternoon sky. The crevice in the sky was subtly glittering and pulsating in an erratic pattern.

"Huh," The Doctor rubbed his chin with his hoof. "So that's what that was? No wonder there was so much shaking."

"Yes, the rip in time and space that bridged the two planes of reality." The monster's eyes once again glanced down at the brown stallion in front of him. "It was all you, Doctor. You brought this upon this world. The source is here and they will come for it, Doctor. You've doomed them all," the monster gestured to the two mares behind the Doctor.

"The source? Never heard of that. What's the source?" the stallion tilted his head to the side, quizzically.

"The greatest vessel of power in existence." The louse's attitude was slowly changing from near maniacal to a much more calm and subtle demeanor.

"Yes, I deduced that much, you know, since *they* are coming for it." Doctor frowned and rubbed the bottom of his chin with his hoof. "Oh yes, also. Who are *they* exactly?"

The monster leaned in closer and whispered into Doctor's ear. "Everyone, Doctor. Everyone is coming."

"Is that so?" Doctor's scowl kept growing. "Well I do believe that I am more than capable of stopping everyone..."

A loud, menacing chuckle erupted from the monster's mouth, bits of gravel falling to the ground around The Doctor as he paused and raised one eyebrow.

"What? You're having doubts about that?" The stallion asked, it was clear that the Louse's words had struck his pride.

"Doubts?" The monster seemed to consider the word for a bit, but then let out another malevolent chuckle. "You still blindly believe that you are in control, don't you, Doctor?"

"I *am* in control." The Doctor dug his hoof into ground and exhaled loudly through his nostrils.

"You are **NOT!**" the creature slammed one of its tentacles onto the ground, leaving behind a deep engrave and causing the earth to tremble. "You are *pathetic!* You are *weak!* You are but a shade of a formerly glorious Timelord! Doctor, you were ruthless, cold-hearted. You were a destroyer of worlds and a conqueror of galaxies. What happened to you, Doctor?"

Doctor replied quietly after a slight pause, his voice full of sorrow. "I've changed."

The creature let out another bone-chilling chuckle, like the sound of metal sliding against rock. It was toying with the Doctor and it did not even try to hide it.

"Changed? You and I both know that people never truly change." The Time Louse wrapped one of its tentacles around the Doctor's neck and pulled him closer. The stallion half expected to smell a stench of rotting flesh, illness, and all other unpleasant scents that he had experienced during his travels. However, the Louse seemed to completely lack any sort of aroma. It wasn't that it smelled good; it just didn't smell at all, like the creature wasn't even there.

"People may cover up their past. They may try to redeem themselves in the eyes of others. They may even try to run away from themselves. But you never truly change...Doctor"

"But since you do so bluntly claim that you are in complete control of the situation," The Louse released its hold on the stallion, its grin growing even more. "Then tell me, Doctor, where is she?"

A chill traveled down Doctor's spine. He missed it. The one moment when he had to pay attention, he missed it. He felt it too, a slight tingle in the back of his neck, a light gust of wind, a sign that something was going wrong, and he missed it. Looking back at it, he saw how simple his mistake was, but there was nothing he could do now. She was gone.

A quiet voice came from behind him. "Um, Doc...where's Twilight?"

As Doctor's ears tilted back, the creature raised its head high, proud of its accomplishment.

"I'll make you a deal," The Doctor finally said, after a long moment of silence.

"You still believe that you're in any position to make deals?" the Time Louse mocked the stallion. However, there was a slight hint of curiosity in the creature's voice.

"I do."

"Which is?"

"Let her go..."

"Doubt it."

"...and I won't even have to threaten you."

"Pathetic."

"I'm giving you a chance."

"I don't need it."

"We're both wise beings. You know me, you know what I do. I am a Time Lord," The Doctor was almost pleading with the Louse. Still, it seemed as though he wasn't doing it for his, or even Twilight's, sake.

"True, *but* you were never put in a situation like this. One where you have to save someone that you care for," The Louse spread two of its front legs trying to gesture to the scene around them.

"Oh but I was, so many times." The Doctor couldn't help but let a small smirk spread across his face.

"Strange," the monster looked towards the trees in the distance, thinking over the new revelation. "I've heard many stories of your adventures, Doctor. Yet I never heard those."

"Stories are told by eyewitnesses..." the stallion paused, not wanting to finish his sentence. "...or survivors."

The conversation came to a halt, neither of the sides able to bring themselves to break the sudden silence that fell over the area. Ditzzy, whom was standing behind Doctor, shrunk down even further. She didn't know what the two were talking about, but from their tones she could tell that it was nothing good. The Doctor glanced back at the mare covering behind him. He stared at her for few long moments, before giving her a reassuring nod followed by a slight smile.

"Is that a threat, Doctor?" the creature asked calmly.

"Perhaps," the colt slowly turned around. Though he spoke, moved, and looked calm, the stallion's words themselves carried more power than Louse would want to admit. "Last chance, Louse. Let her go."

"Bring me the source," the Time Louse snapped back angrily, desperately trying to hold on to his metaphorical 'ace in the sleeve', "and the unicorn walks free. You have one hour."

"One hour?!" Doctor exclaimed in shock.

"Well, you do have a time machine, Doctor. I think you can manage," the monster smirked once again.

With that, the Time Louse faded into nothingness, leaving the Doctor and a frightened Ditzzy alone in the clearing.

For a few moments, neither of them said a single word. Ditzzy was too terrified to speak, and Doctor was too caught up in his own thoughts. Even before the Time Louse disappeared, he was thinking of a plan - one that would ensure a safe return of Twilight Sparkle. This plan needed to be daring, bold, and perhaps even slightly suicidal. The Doctor grinned slowly as the idea, which had grown from a simple thought to a complicated plan in mere seconds, and grew as the time slipped by.

"D-Doctor, is it gone?" came an unsteady voice from behind Doctor, causing his attention to snap back to reality.

"Yes, you can come out, Miss Doo," The Doctor mumbled without lifting his gaze from the ground.

On a shaky legs, the mare walked over to face the brown stallion. She had a worried look on her face. Finally, after avoiding her gaze for the longest of time, The Doctor finally looked up. Right away he could tell that she was extremely concerned, seeing as her eyes were actually looking in the same direction.

"Doctor," she began, unsure of what to say, "is Twilight...is she alright?"

"She is - for now." It pained him to say that, but Doctor couldn't lie to the poor filly.

"Are we going to get her back?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"I don't know, Ditzzy."

"Are we going to stop the monster?"

"*I don't know*, Ditzzy," The Doctor answered louder, not really listening to the question. He needed to concentrate.

"Do you have a plan?"

"I don't *know*, Ditzzy!" - Doctor was half shouting already. His brain was working, non-stop, to come up with a plan, but the pegasus' constant questions were starting to distract him more and more.

"But..." the mare couldn't finish, interrupted by the stallion's loud voice.

"*I DON'T KNOW, DITZY!*" The Doctor finally snapped at the grey pegasus.

The mare recoiled back in fear, looking shocked at The Doctor. Her lips were quivering and her eyes were starting to fill up to the brim with tears. It was clear that Doctor's outburst had hit her hard, and were causing her to completely break down.

The silence lingered in the air for several long minutes, only interrupted by quiet sobs of the mare. Doctor was having a hard time focusing on one single thing. On one hoof - he cursed himself for adopting the mannerisms of the new world so quickly - he needed to come up with a plan to save Twilight as soon as possible. But on the other, he needed to say something to make it up to the loyal pegasus whom he had offended deeply; but what could he say?

"Listen, Ditzzy, I..." The Doctor began slowly, trying to find the right words.

"Don't yell at Ditzzy," she said with newly found confidence.

"I'm sorry, I didn't..." he tried to explain but he was cut off again.

"Mommy used to yell at Ditzzy. She thought Ditzzy was stupid," she dug at the ground with her hoof, tears in her eyes held back by sheer will.

"Uh...Ditzzy?" The Doctor feared another one of Ditzzy's breakdowns looming over the horizon.

"But it doesn't matter anymore," she let out a tired sigh. "A lot of time has passed. It just doesn't matter."

For the thousandth time, silence fell over the two equines. This time, though, it continued to be interrupted by Doctor's quiet mumbling. He concentrated his gaze on the ground once more, his mind racing at thousand miles a second. Something that Ditzzy said had obviously caused a spark to jump start his thought process. Slowly, a smile began to spread on Doctor's face and his mumbling began to get louder.

"Time *passed*...doesn't *matter*, anymore...it's...time...*doesn't matter*," he paused and looked up at Ditzzy with a wide grin. "The *time* doesn't *matter*! That's *it*!"

The wall eyed pegasus once again jumped away from the screaming stallion, but he rushed over to her and grabbed her head in his hooves. Without saying anything else, he placed a kiss

on her forehead, causing her to lean further away from him.

"Ditzy, you're a *genius*!" he announced and took off galloping back towards Ponyville.

He looked back towards the shocked mare, without slowing down his pace. "Come along, Miss Doo, it's time for adventure!"

The Mail-Mare smiled slightly before spreading her wings and starting to catch up to the mad stallion. Before long, she was flying over the Doctor and eventually passed him, earning herself an angry cry from below.

"Hey, you cheat!" The Doctor sped up his gallop.

Minutes flew by as Doctor and Ditzzy made their way through the Everfree Forest's thick vegetation. Before either of them realized, they were once again entering the farthest reaches of Ponyville. The return trip had taken them significantly less time, mainly due to the fact that The Doctor was no longer carrying an unconscious pony on his back, and that he wasn't simply trotting; he was at full gallop, never slowing down his pace.

They never stopped. Not even when they entered Ponyville. Not even when someone called out Ditzzy's name. Not even when an orange earth pony used several colorful words after the two galloping ponies nearly knocked over her apple stand. Not even when a cyan pegasus with a rainbow mane challenged them to a race after she witnessed the kind of speed they were traveling at. However, The Doctor nearly kissed the dirt when a pink earth pony called out to him. The pink filly was bouncing alongside the Doctor and Ditzzy; surprisingly she didn't look like she was exerting any effort toward keeping up with two equines.

Before long, the Doctor realized that the mare was talking as she bounced alongside him.

"...and so then he points that weird plunger-looking-thingy-hingy and starts saying silly things. Something about being an exterminator or something. I didn't listen to him very much because he looked all shiny and stuff and I was looking at myself in the reflection and then I remembered that I left the stove on and so said 'BYE MISTER LAUNDRY BIN' and I went back to my house. Then I saw the glowing crack in the sky and I said 'Ooooooooooh neat!'. But then I woke up and realized that I was talking to you."

"WHAT?"

Doctor dug his hooves into the ground and came to a complete halt, kicking up a cloud of dirt. The pink mare froze in mid bounce and gently landed beside him. Ditzzy lacked the same sort of motion stopping ability, so it took her a few moments to fully stop and rejoin with the Doctor.

"Wait no, wait - who are you?" The Doctor cocked one eyebrow, trying to understand what

seemed to be complete blabber coming out of the mare's mouth.

The pink filly giggled. "I'm Pinkie Pie, silly. I've told you that before."

"What?" The Doctor turned to Ditzzy, whose eyes were beginning to look in the same direction. *That's not a good sign*, he thought to himself.

"Who are you?" he repeated the question. Before the mare could answer, he stopped her by putting out his front hoof. "No, don't speak. It hurts. What were you talking about? In three words or less please."

"Pancakes and oatmeal," the mare answered honestly.

"Right, exactly," The Doctor turned to Ditzzy and spoke in a panicked half-whisper. "Let's get out of here. This pink one scares me."

The grey pegasus nodded and joined the Doctor as he began to quickly make his way as far away from the energetic pink filly as possible. They didn't even get twenty trots away when Pinkie Pie called out to them, waving her hoof in farewell.

"Bye Ditzzy. And bye, Doctor. It was nice seeing you again."

The stallion once again topped dead in his tracks, but after a violent shake of his head, he resumed his journey like nothing happened.

"Sorry, Library's closed," answered the voice from behind the closed door to Twilight's home.

"Yeah I know, I'm the one who closed it," The Doctor snapped from the other side. "Open up. I need to get my box back."

A loud thud came from the inside. It sounded as though several books at once were dropped on the floor. A second later, the top half of the door swung open and a purple, baby dragon popped his head out. He was bearing a look of both surprise and annoyance on his face.

"You again?" he pointed accusingly at the brown stallion. "Come to destroy the other half of the Library?"

"Yes, but later," The Doctor answered and unceremoniously forced his way into the Library, not bothering to open the lower half of the door.

The dragon let out an aggravated grunt and let out a puff of smoke from his nostrils. He was about to slam the door shut, but after taking a quick glance outside, he halted. On the doorstep,

stood a grey pegasus, sheepishly smiling at the dragon. Spike recognized her as the Ponyville's mail-mare and immediately remembered her somewhat destructive reputation. It was obvious she wanted to come in, but didn't know how to ask.

After releasing a weary sigh, the dragon opened the lower half of the door.

"Come in," he said without enthusiasm, muttering to himself under his breath.

"Thanks!" she announced cheerfully as she strode into the library. Immediately, before even taking three steps into the house, she knocked over an umbrella bin. With a quick apology, she attempted to pick up the container and put it back where it belonged, but instead she managed to knock over a tall column of books, which Spike had organized alphabetically not two minutes ago.

"Sorry," she said with an awkward smile, trying to now pick up the books.

"Ugh! Just...just go over there, please, and mess up *his* stuff instead."

After another apology, Ditzzy proceeded to join with the Doctor, whom was literally sniffing the outside of a large blue box. The object stood in the rubble of what used to be the right wing of the library. Soon, The Doctor clenched a silver rod in between his teeth, which started giving off whirling sounds as he pointed the glowing end of it at some parts of the blue box.

"Whoa," she muttered, taking in all the damage she was witnessing, but surprisingly wasn't causing.

"She sure is something, isn't she?" asked the Doctor, knocking his hoof on the front door of the box.

"Twilight's going to be mad," Ditzzy ignored him, her ears lowering slightly.

"She already was. I think." The stallion dragged his front hoof through his mane, messing it up even further.

The mention of Twilight's name caught the dragon's attention. He ended his task of painstakingly organizing the books back onto the remaining shelves and looked over at the two ponies.

"Where *is* Twilight?" Spike asked calmly as he approached the blue box and a nervous looking stallion.

"Who? Oh right, Twilight. She's um, er- she's alright," he gave the dragon a reassuring nod.

All three of them stood there for a few seconds, staring at one another unblinkingly.

"I'm writing a letter to the Princess," the dragon said in a same calm voice.

The Doctor considered that option for a moment. He was pretty sure that he could save Twilight days before the said letter would reach the princess. However, he had no idea where this princess lived, what kind of mail delivery system these rainbow colored ponies had developed, and most importantly, he did not know what power the princess wielded. Still, from Spike's tone, he was able to deduce that she must have been an authority figure of some sorts.

"There's no need for that, I assure you," the stallion put a small key inside the lock on the door of the box. After a few moments of struggling with it, he was able to open the door, but he held it only slightly ajar. "I'll have Twilight back in no time. Actually no- I'll have her back in..."

He tapped his hoof on his chin, carefully counting the time he had left to spare. They wasted a good ten minutes galloping back to the library. That left him with around fifty minutes to make it under the Louse's deadline. Taking in all the steps he had to go through to accomplish his plan and filtering out all the miscellaneous moments which he would no doubt waste on seemingly unimportant stuff, he had roughly...

"I'll have her back in forty three minutes and ele-, no, six seconds." he offered to the dragon, whom simply shook his head in response.

"Just...just trust me, my fire-breathing friend," his gaze softened. "Twilight did."

"And look where that got her," the dragon said wryly, walking over to a desk and pulling out a quill, along with a blank scroll.

"Fine, write the letter," he shoed the dragon away. "But, just wait...forty two minutes and fifty three seconds before you do. After that time is up, you can write to your princess, president, non-biological-tyrant-that-refuses-to-listen-to-reason, and anyone else you can think of."

The stallion's words left Spike stunned. On one hoof he needed to take action in order to save Twilight from whatever danger she was facing. Still on the other hoof, Twilight did trust the crazy brown stallion and no matter much he disagreed with her, he had to respect her opinion. The young dragon bit his lower lip, hating to make such decisions where he had to choose between his gut instincts and concrete facts.

With another sigh, Spike walked back over to the writing desk and set the scroll and the quill aside. After turning around, he placed his hands on his hips and gave Doctor a stern look.

"Alright, dude, I'll give you forty three minutes, but if Twilight isn't back after that..." he nodded back to the paper behind him, "...you'll find out what Princess Celestia is capable of doing for

her 'star pupil'."

"Fair enough," the colt announced and turned to the mail-mare standing next to him.

"Off we go, Miss Doo!"

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Next Chapter> (coming soon)